

The NEW PLAY

Mr. Jeffries
Scorns Power of Speech
in "At the Gymnasium."

BY CHARLES DARTON

A PROFOUND impression has been created by the champion heavyweight actor, Mr. James J. Jeffries, at the Lincoln Square Theatre in "At the Gymnasium," a physical culture drama written by Miss Helen Green one morning (or afternoon) while she was doing up her hair.

In this play, it may truthfully be said, Mr. Jeffries appears to advantage. Indeed, it is not too much to say that he has a decided advantage over the other two characters, one a plump and pleasant gentleman who wears gloves in the final scene, the other a sporting editor from Los Angeles who, in speaking of the hero, remarks: "I seen him last at Coney Island."



The hero himself is a man of few words. In fact, he seems to scorn the power of speech. The moment that Mr. Jeffries arrives on the scene he proceeds to "skip the rope." In lightness and grace and smiling charm he recalls a similar performance given some years ago by the Original English Pony Ballet. He is blithe and gay, and this unexpected light touch from a heavyweight comes as a grateful surprise.

It is by no means the common or sidewalk variety of rope-skipping that one sees. It is a rare combination of physical exercise and terpsichorean art. One notes with admiration that side-stepping is only one of Mr. Jeffries's accomplishments, for he introduces fancy steps of which even Genee herself might well be proud.

As he dances over the rope Mr. Jeffries is a picture—let us say a living picture. His costume is simple but serviceable. After all, what are clothes to an artist? Miss Aguilera plays Maud Odell doesn't believe in running up and down stairs. We can only reflect in this connection that Mr. Jeffries is not a tailor-made actor.

Tripping lightly from the stage he enters with zest upon the scene in which the medicine ball plays a r?le part. This phase of the drama is more significant, but no word escapes the chief player as he tries to hurl the ball through the plump and pleasant gentleman. Only a deep, guttural sound (not in the original manuscript) comes to the ear from time to time.

The plot begins to warm up when Mr. Jeffries acts with the aid of dumb-bells. He is as strong as the bells until the plump and pleasant gentleman, addressing the impulsive sporting editor, describes an eloquent passage in these words: "That's an Ethiopian trance-producer." Whereupon the leading actor, who has been leading with his right, as they say at the ringside, pauses to inquire: "What kind of a punch is that?"

These words are spoken innocently, even playfully, yet they strike the sinister note in the drama—a note that may one day sound the knell of a certain Maud Odell. You pick up your ears to hear more, but Mr. Jeffries merely smiles as Hamlet smiles when he asks a perfectly innocent question, and then leads up to his final scene with the plump and pleasant gentleman by putting on the gloves. Your interest quickens. You are seized with a wild, eager thought. As the poet says:

O that I were a glove upon that hand,
That I might soak that guy!

Powerful acting on the part of Mr. Jeffries threatens to turn the play into a tragedy. The plump and pleasant gentleman plays his part well, but he is like the villain in the last act of a melodrama when the hero gets busy and makes up for lost time. Our hero puts it all over him. He utters no word, but when he gets a wallop in the ribs he makes a noise like a trained sea lion just before it gobbles down its bit of fish.

The sincerity of Mr. Jeffries's acting is unmistakable here, and it becomes more direct and powerful as the scene moves swiftly to the finish of the still plump but no longer pleasant gentleman.

"Speech!" "Speech!"

Mr. Jeffries merely shakes his head. He is a modest actor. But the audience insists. And so finally he says:

"Ladies-and-gentlemen-all-I-can-say-is-I-thank-you-one-and-all-from-the-bottom-of-my-heart."

Which is a whole lot for James J. Jeffries to say all at once.

Wonderful Bamboo Organ.

IN the old church of Los Pinares, near Manila, is a wonderful bamboo organ built by the Recoletos parish priest of that town, Father Diego Cera, in the year 1753. The upright bamboo pipes do not look unlike the metal pipes in a modern church organ, but a second set of pipes rest horizontally on a rack just above the keyboard. The organ is in use to this day and the bamboo is well preserved, Father Cera having a secret process of preserving the wood which he never divulged.

Booth Tarkington and Harry L. Wilson's Great Love Romance of an American Knight.

The Man From Home

A Story Based on the Successful Play of the Same Title.

—By—
Booth Tarkington
and
Harry L. Wilson.

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.
Daniel Pike, a shrewd Kokomo (Indiana) lawyer, is guardian to two rich orphans, Ethel and Horace Simpson, who are living in Europe. Pike has always dabbled in the East of the United States and is about to marry the Hon. Almerio St. Aubyn, son of the Countess of Hampshire, and son of a wealthy fortune-hunter who loves Ethel's wealth. The Earl's sister, Lady Creech, is Ethel's paid companion. The whole party are at Sorrento, Italy. Pike resolves to go to Sorrento, Italy. Almerio is worthy of Ethel and her money. Horace is worthy of the Countess of Hampshire. The marriage settlement is agreed on. The marriage ceremony is held in the street outside the hotel.

CHAPTER VII. (Continued.) Snubbed!

THEN more shouts and cheers, and cries of "Bravo, American!" and "Yankee Doodle!" Horace ran to the gates, but they were closed, and the organ continued. Ethel stood by one

of the tables, amazement written on her features, and turned to her brother as he came back, shaking his head.

"What is that?" she asked tremulously. Lady Creech, all in a flutter, entered from the hotel. At a glance she would set her down for an aristocrat. There was no doubt of it. From the topmost tip of her white hair to the toe of her solid shoe she was an aristocrat.

"One of your fellow-countrymen, my dear!" she said to Ethel. "Your Americans are really too!"

"Not my Americans, Lady Creech," said Ethel spiritfully.

"Not our, you know. One could hardly say that, now!" retorted Horace.

Almerio entered at once laughing and beating his boot with his crop. Almost exhausted with his mirth, he threw himself into a chair and burst out laughing.

"Oh, I say! What a go! Motor car breaks down on the way here. One of the Johnnies, a German chap, discharges the chauffeur, and the other Johnny—one of your Yankee chaps, like rabbits, you know, to pull the machine. Then, as they can't make it, you know, he puts himself in the straps with them and proceeds, attended by the populace. Ha! Ha!"

He laughed long and loudly.

"I went up to this Yankee chap. I mean to say—he was pulled and tugged along; you see—and I said: 'There you are; three of you in a row, aren't you?' you see, Ethel, and all he could answer was that he 'picked the best company in sight.' No mean!" to it. I

had him, you know, I rather think, didn't I?"

At this moment Lord Hawcastle entered with a bundle of newspapers under his arm and proceeded to settle himself at one of the tables. Almerio approached him.

"English papers, Governor? I'll take the 'Plink 'Tin.' I'm off," and picked up the third sheet as he spoke. Ethel came up to him and touched him on the arm.

"Going for a stroll, Almerio? Would you like me to come with you, dear?"

He looked at her vacantly for an instant, and then stammered:

"Well, I rather thought I'd have a quiet bit of reading, you know."

Ethel drew back quickly, and said in a very small voice:

"Oh, I beg your pardon."

Then she sat down hurriedly by Lord Hawcastle.

CHAPTER VIII.
The American.

THE clatter continued unabated, and Ethel and the Countess walked back to the terrace rampart to stand looking out over the glorious bay.

Horace, still in the seventh heaven of delighted realization, took the Daily Mail from the table on which the Earl had buried himself in the Pall Mall Gazette and was apparently oblivious to such minor details as an Italian peasant row.

By to Horace in his highly strung condition of nerves the uproar was ag-

gravating and he called to Mariano, who was busily setting the table again.

"Mariano! How long is this noise to continue?"

The matre d'hotel shrugged his expressive shoulders and replied:

"How can I know, m'sieu? We can do nothing."

Michele, who was assisting his chief, smiled covertly at the young man.

"The populace they will not be departed so long as there shall be the chance once again to observe the North American who pulled the automobile with the donkeys."

"Merci!" cried Mariano with vigor. "He have confuse me. He have confuse everybody. He will not be content with the delusion until he have the ham and the egg, and he will have the egg cooked upon but one of two sides, and how in the name of the heaven can we tell which of these two sides?"

Mariano was about to continue his grumbling complaint when from the doorway of the hotel there came an interruption. The courier had spoken with him earlier in the morning stood there and voiced but one word.

"Garon!" he said, softly. But it was like the command of a cavalry officer in its effect. For instantly the matre d'hotel and his aide stood at attention like trained veterans. The Earl evidently was not too deeply immersed to catch the sudden silence, for he looked up from his paper and observed:

"Upon my soul! What's this?"

Mariano did not turn his head nor relax his attitude of stiff attention, but answered obsequiously:

"It is the Herr von Grollenhagen; a German gentleman, m'lord."

Hawcastle turned with an amused smile to Horace.

"The man who owns the automobile. Probably made a fortune in sausage."

Here, Girls, Are the Straw Hats You'll Wear This Summer



THE big hat came to town a week ago. Its stay is not to be a short one, as is evident from the styles and sizes of hats that will be offered to the sex for summer wear. Four of the straw hats of the coming season are here reproduced from the Millinery Trade Review. Two New York houses are putting forth these hats.

No. 1 is a German model in turban shape of Jumbo braid, trimming of navy cerise taffeta ribbon and iridescent choux.

No. 2 is a Marie Louise drooped brim turban, in robin's egg blue straw, faced with white straw; trimming of blue ribbon and pink roses.

No. 3 is a Tuscan Juliet cap, brim of heavy lace, applique of choux of small flowers and velvet ribbon bow.

No. 4 is an old rose Yedda poke, shirred mousseline facing, ribbon band trimming and streamers. This last one looks to be the "peachest" of the lot.

His Share.

"SO you contemplate entering into a life partnership with Miss Billion?" the old man said, smiling fondly upon his son. "Of course you are old enough to judge for yourself, but it hardly seems to me"

"Oh, that's all right," the youth hastened to assure him. "You see, her father will give us a house and lot; her uncle a handsome check, and she has quite a little money of her own."

"And what do you contribute to the partnership?" the old man demanded, with a twinkle in his eye.

The young man blushed slightly.

"Well, er, principally the name, dad, principally the name," he admitted, blushing.

—Harper's Weekly.

Philosophy of Billy Glynn

THE man who misses love is likely to miss heaven. It may be only idealization; but after all that is the soul.

Cleanliness and sincerity are the best rules of life. Cheerfulness is what greases the axles of the world. Some people go through life creaking.

The people we like best are the people who are the most natural. The man who once has failed and given up has lost the best part of his intellect.

There are a great many who aspire, but fewer who persevere in their aspirations.

Charity, like a flower, looks best in seclusion. Bring it into the glare of publicity and it loses color.

Pretentious is beauty without intellect; loveliness is beauty with a soul.

Love is the cup where every man drinks his first real knowledge of eternity.—Sunday Magazine.

Against the Rules.

THERE is a certain Pittsburgh broker who insists that every clerk in his establishment shall present an immaculate personal appearance.

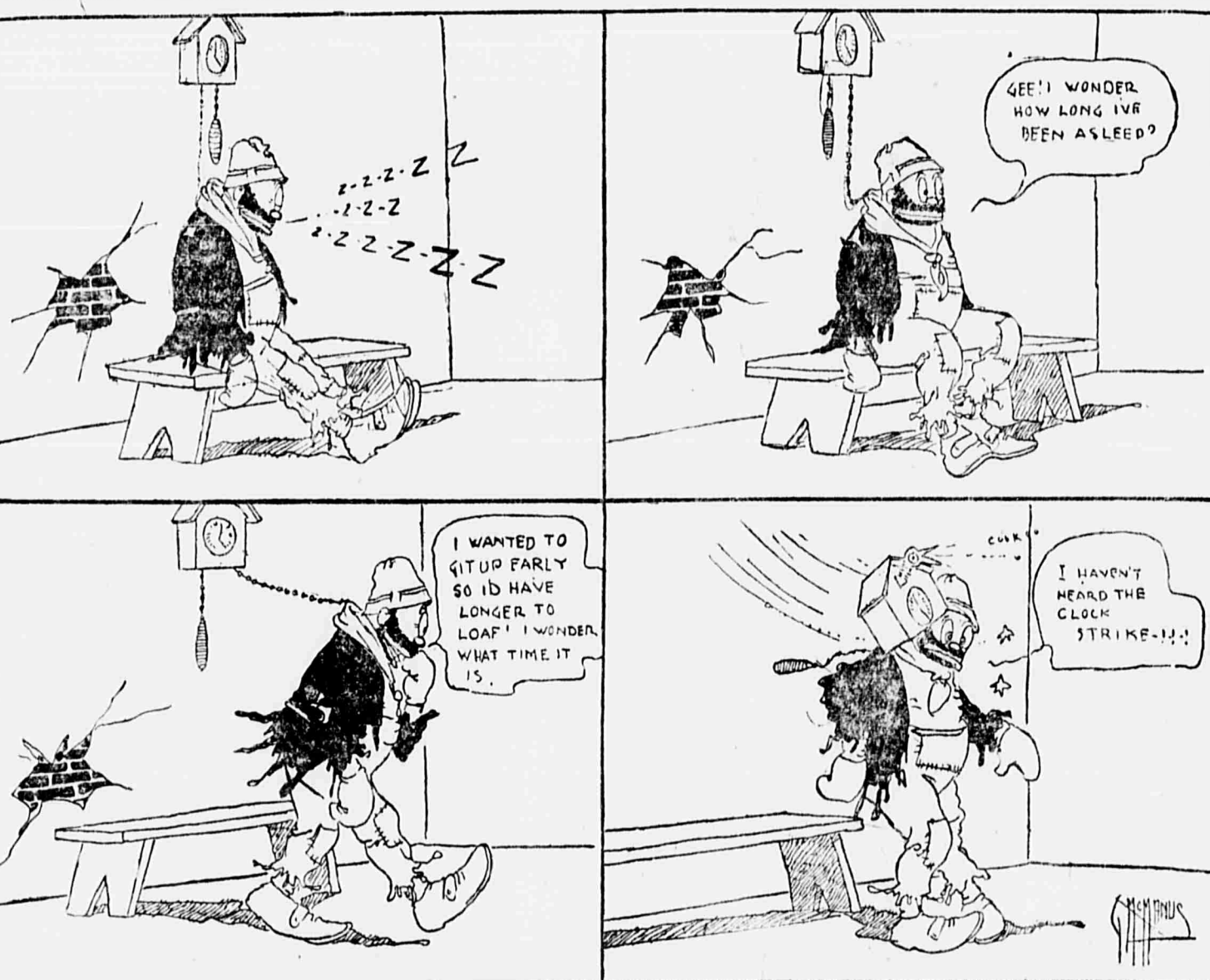
"If you care to retain your position in this house," said he one morning to one offender whom he had summoned to the private office, "you will have to devote more attention to your toilet. Why, man, you present the appearance of one who has not shaved for a week."

"Beg pardon, sir," said the clerk, "but I am raising a beard."

"That's no excuse," said the boss. "You must do that sort of thing outside business hours."—Harper's Weekly.

Panhandle Pete

By George McManus



MANHATTANETTES

By Martin Green.

Sawdust.



LONG about this time of year it always comes to pass That Dexter Fellows comes to town, from up in Pittsburg, Mass., With pockets full of documents to prove beyond a doubt That the Barnum-Bulley Circus is the biggest winner out.

He came to-day as usual, but only stopped a while. Then beat it to Chicago, where he's going to live in style. And keep the populace informed, as far as he can see 'em, About the show that's going to open at the Coliseum.

He told us that the Barnum show won't play New York this year. But that the Ringling Bros. troupe will entertain us here; And then he introduced to our most unreserved attention The man who'll see that Ringling's show gets full display and mention.

His name is J. Jay Brady and his hair is white as snow, But he's active as a squirrel and there's little he don't know About the circus business and the English language, which He can fashion into phrases that are marvelously rich.

You may talk about your bluebirds as the harbingers of spring, But the bluebirds often come too soon, and freeze us as they sing. The ground hog sometimes makes mistakes and picks a sunny day, But when the circus agent comes, spring sure is on the way.

The billboards soon will blossom with a line of pictures rare, Depicting feats of daring on the ground and in the air. We're waiting with impatience for the side-show and the clown, For the smell of circus sawdust in the nostrils of the town.

Sawdust Thoughts.

THE big circuses play New York six weeks: Chicago, four weeks; Boston, St. Louis, Cincinnati and similar metropolises (help!), one week apiece. Have the Rules all moved to the cities?

There is one thing the Ringlings, Buffalo Bill and other big amusement managers are thankful for all the time: They are thankful that Theodore Roosevelt did not go into the show business when he was young. The circus will not be without competition this year. There are the Rut-fraettes and the Republican Machine opponents of Gov. Hughes, for instance.

Lines to a Lady's Hat.

S
HOOT the hat!
" " "
" " "

MY "CYCLE OF READING,"

By Count Tolstoy.

Translated by Herman Bernstein
(Copyrighted by Herman Bernstein.)

Marriage.

THE relation of the sexes, called forth by the greatest human passion, is the source of the gravest sins and sufferings.

MARRIAGE for the purpose of child-bearing is the only real, true union. All other ceremonies, announcements, contracts do not constitute marriage, and are employed for the most part in order to destroy that which is the true union.

It is a great thing when two souls feel that they are limited forever in order to support each other in every work, in every misery, to help each other in every suffering and to be united in those silent, inexpressible moments of the last farewell.—George Eliot.

WHAT great bliss might be attained by a loving couple if they were to make it their aim to perfect themselves, and if they were to help each other in this by reminding each other by advice and by example!

May Manton's Daily Fashions.



VEST effects are greatly in vogue and they are much to be desired for the coming of the warmer season. A waist made after this manner can be worn with equal propriety in the house or upon the street. Within doors it is complete in itself, and for street wear it requires only some little wrap, such as a feather or malle box, to make it quite correct. This model will be found appropriate for all seasons materials, for it can be made with either tucked or plain sleeves. In the illustration, however, pongee is combined with all-over lace and satin and is trimmed with soutache and large buttons.

The quantity of material required for the medium size is 5 yards 21, 3 1/2 yards 22 or 24 yards 14 inches wide if made with tucked sleeves; 24 yards 21, 24 yards 22 or 24 yards 41 inches wide if made with plain sleeves, 1/2 yard is inches wide for the chemise, 1/2 yard 21 inches wide for trimming portion.

Pattern No. 6274 is cut for a 32, 34, 36 and 41 inch bust measure.

Fancy Waist with Vest Effect—Pattern No. 6274.

How to Obtain These Patterns. Call at THE EVENING WORLD MAY MANTON FASHION BUREAU, No. 132 East Twenty-third street, or send by mail to No. 132 West Twenty-seventh street. Send 10 cents in coin or stamps for each pattern ordered. IMPORTANT—Write your address plainly and always specify size wanted. Add two cents for letter postage if in a hurry.